Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeake.
Bul. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.
Bul. Have thy deſire. *Yorke within.*
Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traytor in thy preſence there.
Bul. Villaine, ile make thee ſafe. feare.
Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to
Yor. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *Enter Yorke.*
Bul. What is the matter (Vncle) ſpeake, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.
Yor. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I doe repent me reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the traytors boſome, King.
Feare and not loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Bul. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy,
O loyall Father of a trecherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſilver fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly plot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.
Yor. So ſhall my vertue be his vices bawd,

And

And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour,
As thriftleſſe Sonnes their ſcrapin
Mine honour lives when his diſho
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonor
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giving
The Traitor lives, the true man's

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for
Bul. What ſhrill-voic'd ſupplia
Dut. A Woman and thine Aun
Speake with me; pitty me, open
A begger begs, that never begg'd
Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from
And now chang'd to the begger,
My dangerous Coſin, let your M
I know ſhe's come to pray for yo
Yor. If thou do pardon, whoſo
More ſinnes for this forgiveneſſe,
This feſter'd joynt cut off, the reſt
This let alone, will all the reſt co
Dut. O King, beleeve not this
Love, loving not it ſelfe, none oth
Yor. Thou franticke woman, w
Shall thy old dugges once more
Dut. Sweet *Yorke* be patient,
Bul. Riſe up good Aunt.
Du. Not yet, I thee beſeech
For ever will I kneele upon my
And never ſee day that the happy
Till thou give joy: vntill thou
By pardoning *Rutland*, my tranſ
Aum. Vnto my Mothers praye
Yorke. Againſt them both, my
Dut. Pleades he in earneſt?
His eyes do drop no teares: his
His words come from his mout
He prayes but faintly, and wou
VVe pray with heart, and ſou

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)